

A New Bird of Paradise.

Magnificent Plumage of Specimens Recently Brought from New Guinea.

Ornithologists Dumfounded by the Great Variety of the Colors of the Feathers.

NOT EASY TO CATCH ALIVE.

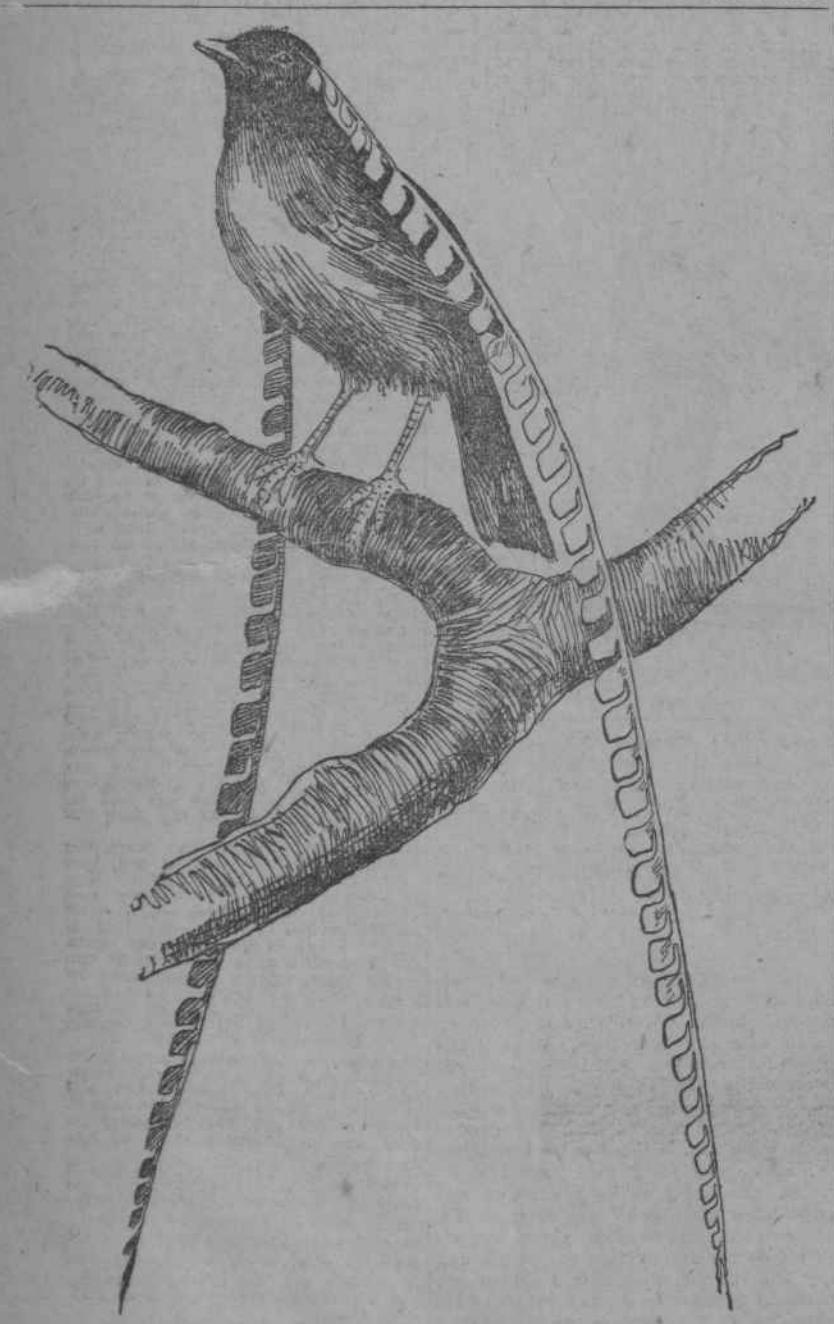
Only Two in Captivity, One Being in the Dresden Zoological Museum and the Other in the Paris Museum of Natural History.

A new bird of paradise has been discovered. Only two specimens are in captivity. One is in the Royal Zoological Museum of Dresden, and the other is afforded a conspicuous place in the Museum of Natural History in Paris.

This remarkable bird is a rana avis par excellence. Strange to say, although its range is limited to New Guinea and the adjacent Papua Islands, the Pteridophoea occur in infinite variety. Ornithologists have been dumfounded by the distinction in plumage and colors of the numerous specimens that have been brought from that far away region during this century.

In honor of King Albert of Saxony the scientists have named the bird Pteridophoea Alberti. Pteridophoea means a carrier of feathers—but why the word is used in the feminine is hard to understand, for the females are, without exception, exceedingly homely creatures.

Both sexes of these birds of paradise are distinguished by the enormous development of certain parts of their plumage, but the males are favored with an exceedingly beautiful variegated covering. They are about the size of the common jay. Their heads and necks are covered with short, thick feathers, resembling velvet, of



The Rarest Bird in the Whole World.

(Drawn from a photograph made especially for the Journal.)

a bright straw color above, and a brilliant emerald green beneath. From under the shoulders on each side springs a dense tuft of golden orange plumes, about two feet in length, which the bird can raise at pleasure, to as to enclose the greater part of its body. The two central tail feathers attain a length of thirty-four inches, and being destitute of webs, have a thin, wire-like appearance.

The females are of a dusky brown color and possess neither plumes nor lengthened tail feathers. In the breeding seasons the males assemble in numbers varying from twelve to twenty on certain trees and there disport themselves so as to display their feathery charms in the presence of the females. The natives call these affairs scallie or dancing parties. The birds' wings are raised vertically over the back, the head is bent down and stretched out and the long plumes are raised up and expanded till they form two magnificent golden fans, striped with deep red at the base, and fading off into a pale brown tint.

It is only at this season that the birds can be captured. The native bird catcher, having found a tree selected for the dancing party, conceals himself among the lower branches. As soon as the male birds have begun their graceful antics, he shoots them one after the other with blunt arrows for the purpose of stunning them and bringing them to the ground without drawing blood. It is almost impossible, however, to make them survive in captivity. They invariably die of a broken heart after a few weeks' absence from the forests.

Until the time of Linnæus it was universally believed that birds of paradise possessed neither wings nor feet; that they passed their lives in the air sustained on the purpose of stunning them and bringing them to the ground without drawing blood. It is almost impossible, however, to make them survive in captivity. They invariably die of a broken heart after a few weeks' absence from the forests.

Lost Bird Trap.
[Boswell (Ga.) Banner.]
A hawk caught a pigeon in Mr. Sam Paden's yard Monday, and Mr. Paden followed and shot the hawk off after the pigeon had been half devoured. Then Mr. Paden took his steel trap and placed the remains of the pigeon in it. The hawk soon returned for his prey, the trap caught him—but Mr. Paden neglected to fasten his trap, and the hawk flew away with the bird in his talons. Mr. Paden now offers a reward for the return of the trap, with or without the hawk.

Youthful Resentment.
Aunt Maria—Now, Johnny, don't be naughty. Because Lily wouldn't play horse with you this morning is no reason why you should not play school with her this afternoon. Remember the golden rule—Johnny (from the West)—What's yer talkin' about? I ain't no golden. Boston Transcript.

Plague Spots on the "L."

Standing Menaces to the Public Health Scattered Throughout the City.

Rooms Attached to the Stations Which Are Constantly In-viting Disease.

PLUMBING OF AN OLD PATTERN.

City Ordinances Which Should Be Enforced to Abate a Nuisance Affecting the Whole City.

A standing menace to the public health and perpetual invitations to disease are found in most of the 110 stations distributed along the lines of the Manhattan Elevated Railway.

With a system of plumbing that was declared to be unsanitary a decade ago, convenient resting places for cigar stumps and piles of dust that have been swept up in other parts of the station, unclean and neglected, the rooms adjoining the waiting room on either side of the station are standing violations of all the ordinances regulating the health of the city.

Except in a very few cases there is apparently no effort made to keep these places even half clean, and in many instances the nuisance is aggravated by using the room as a sort of a storeroom. Withered orange peel or bits of banana skin whose sallow hue bears mute testimony to the length of time they have been there are frequently found on the floor.

One of the most noticeable evidences of the almost criminal neglect that characterizes this particular branch of the management of the Manhattan Railway Company is the failure to make even the semblance of an attempt to keep the walls and windows clean. On many of the latter

are found a mass of filthy, greasy, and



The Dog Man of Snake Hill.
(Sketches by a Journal staff artist.)

Queerest Maniacs in the World.

New Jersey's Dog Man Who Imagines Himself a Mastiff.

Covered with Hair Half an Inch Long and a Foe to Clothing.

THE HUMAN TELEPHONE RECEIVER.

He Believes All the Wires from Every Exchange in the World Pass Through His Body.

Insane asylums are filled with people possessing strange hallucinations, but the Hudson County (New Jersey) Institution lays claim to two of note—the dog man and the human telephone receiver.

The first of these curious lunatics is J. A. Eberling, who believes himself to be a ferocious mastiff, and nature has encouraged his idea by covering his body with hair half an inch long. Eberling was formerly a Hoboken grocery man, imbued with a passion for dogs, and attended every exhibition of canines within radius of fifty miles of New York. He had four dogs of his own, among them a mastiff possessed of a pedigree and a vicious temper.

Eberling's housekeeper and the mastiff were not on friendly terms, and one day, in a spirit of revenge, the woman fed glass to her canine enemy. After four days of agony, during which he was tenderly cared for, the dog died. Eberling's insanity dates from that time. He discharged his housekeeper and a day or two later his neighbors discovered him, stark naked, groveling about his house on all fours and barking in very excellent imitation of his deceased pet.

The following day Eberling was taken to the Hudson County Asylum, which is located on Snake Hill, equidistant between Jersey City and Hoboken, and here he has developed into one of the strangest cases ever within the four walls of an institution for the insane. Locked in a cell, where none but an attendant sees him, he prances about the stone floor on his hands and feet, constantly growling, snapping and barking at imaginary objects.

At first every effort was made to force him to wear clothing, but he would tear the garments from his body unless he was bound hand and foot. Then the plan of sewing cloth around his limbs was tried, but he tore the cloth to pieces with his teeth. Eberling is kept in his cell, where he is abandoned, and as, while in a state of nature he was not presentable to visitors, he was placed in the cell he now occupies.

The asylum physician does not regard his case as hopeless, and thinks he has observed occasional glimmers of returning reason. "The human telephone receiver" is an even more extraordinary case than that of Eberling. James Brennan was a coal heaver on the docks at Bayonne ten years ago, when first attacked by the mania from which he is suffering. He gravely states he is the only telephone receiver connected with all the lines in the world. As he tells of this he quivers constantly, just as if powerful electric currents were passing through him. He explains that the battery is in the earth beneath Snake Hill; that it is of great power, and that the wires connect with his body near the heart.

Brennan believes he receives 1,200 messages every day from as many people in all parts of the country. He hears the bell ring in his head, then he listens attentively and sometimes writes out what he believes is being said through him. He says the latest inventions for switching are very trying upon the machinery in his body, and that the shock of changing from one wire to the other is much stronger than before the improved switchboard was used. A peculiar feature of his case is that on every subject except the telephone he is perfectly sane, and when not receiving messages he is an interesting talker. His longest wire, he says, reaches to Dublin, Ireland.

When the victim has been robbed he is left anywhere it is convenient to sleep off the effects of the drug and wake to find himself minus jewelry and money, without a hint as to who has done the robbing.

High-Toned Robbery an Art.

Thieving Reduced to a Science by the Best Men in the "Profession."

"Knockout Drops" Revolutionize the Business of Picking Pockets.

STRANGE EFFECT OF THE DRUG.

Leaves No Marks Upon the Victim, and Enables the Thug to Operate with Perfect Security.

Any one who believes that the life of a criminal is not a career of scientific research has not followed closely the history of crime. According to the police authorities criminals have made gradual progress in the art of assault for purposes of robbery until they have reached the acme of perfection by the use of drugs. So skillful have they now become in high grade robbery that they can not only rob a man with perfect security to themselves, but they leave their victim in such a condition that he shows no marks of ill-usage, and in his claim of having been overpowered and robbed lays himself open to the scorn of the police and the ridicule of his friends.

The perfection in the work of the thug, the police believe, has been reached in the "knockout drops," which has a curious history and came with the evolution of criminal acts from the form of brute force and sudden attack to a delicate and scientific operation, where the thief must have a knowledge of the forms of good-fellowship, the deftness of the prestidigitator, the insinuating power of the pickpocket and the training of a pharmacist.

There is not a day passes but that in some of the Magistrate's courts some man who has been arrested on a charge of intoxication claims that he has been given a drug. In the majority of cases his story is considered only an excuse, and yet it is doubtless the truth in innumerable instances.

The originator of the "knockout drops" was old Peter Sawyer, as desperate a crook as the police ever had to deal with. In Sawyer's days the game was worked in a very different way. Sawyer was a man slightly under the influence of liquor or not—it does not much matter, so that he has the appearance of a man who has money. It is easy enough to brush against this man, apologize and offer to treat to a drink.

In the days of Peter Sawyer, when the men who worked with drugs were called "Peter players," nothing more harmful than snuff was used. But this was uncertain, as it affected different people in different ways. Sometimes it had the effect of making the victim sick instead of sleepy. So something stronger was looked for and found. This was the ordinary "knockout drops" of to-day—chloral hydrate. Fifteen or twenty grains is the medicinal dose of this and the "knockout" uses about forty grains. The stuff is kept in very small vials, each containing the necessary quantity to dose one man. It is easy enough to drop this into the beer of a man who is being treated when his back is turned for an instant.

In a few minutes, while the victim is not unconscious, he is absolutely helpless, and may be led away to any place where he can be robbed in peace. Sometimes the place selected is the rear room of a saloon, sometimes a dark hallway. A "knocker-out" walking the street with a victim to whom the dose has been given, has merely the appearance of a sober man who is trying to take a very drunken man to his home. The police never interfere in such a case, as a common drunk is a very troublesome thing, and a policeman would much rather let a friend take a man to his home in such a condition than to undertake the task himself.

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Lincoln Used This Wedge.

Saw Service When the Famous President Was an Illinois Rail-Splitter.

Belief That the Initials on It Were Stamped by His Own Hands.

NO DOUBT THAT IT IS GENUINE.

Found After Many Years in the Old Illinois Home and Now in the Possession of a California Man.

San Francisco, Jan. 18.—An iron wedge that Abraham Lincoln used to split rails in Illinois is in the possession of Henry W. Allen, of No. 2039 Durant avenue, Berkeley. Its genuineness is attested by affidavit.

The wedge bears the initials "A. L." and it is believed they were placed on the tapering iron by Lincoln himself. According to the affidavits, Lincoln asked the village blacksmith of New Salem to do the tapering. The blacksmith replied that he didn't know A. from Z.

"Very well," said Lincoln, "please lead me your cold chisel."

With this implement Lincoln made the initials as they appear upon the wedge. Mr. Allen is a former resident of Rockford, Ill., and he learned of the Lincoln wedge while he was at Springfield, Ill., as a member of the State Legislature. The wedge was found under a house at New Salem, where Lincoln once resided while a clerk. It was at that house that he acquired much of his education. The story is that the implement was under the floor in the house of the father of the woman, since famous, who assisted Lincoln to acquire knowledge. When the wedge was covered by the floor it was known that it was there, but Lincoln had not then reached sufficient public prominence to make anything attached to him of special importance in popular estimation, even at New Salem. Houses were built solidly and the wedge covered where it was some years.

After a time Lincoln's name became valuable. The search was keen and some one recollected this wedge. A search was made for it and it was then found. Mr. Allen has traced it from hand to hand. His affidavits are ironclad. The implement is about eight and one-half inches long and perhaps two inches in diameter at the thick end, tapering down to a sharp point. It does not show much evidence of use, although one part of the point is worn. The probability is that the head was not hammered with an axe, but with a maul or mallet, which would have protected it, this being a common practice among loggers. The Lincoln initials are quite deep on one side of the wedge and very distinct. The relic cost Mr. Allen \$50. It is worth much more from a historical point of view.

The rust which accumulated during the period while it was hidden under the New Salem building has been worn off by frequent handling. Mr. Allen has shown it frequently to his friends, who have inspected his proof and are satisfied that there is no doubt of the genuineness of this relic. A chip from the point of the steel bears evidence of Lincoln's muscle, which was as famous in his early days as his brain power and achievements as a statesman were later. Mr. Allen has received many offers for the wedge, but will not part with it.

His Reserve Power.
(Tit-Bits.)
Little Johnny has been naughty, and has to be sent from the table without having any dessert. For an hour he has been sitting in the corner of the room crying. At last he thinks it time to stop. "Well, hope you have done crying now," says his mother. "Haven't done," says Johnny, in a passion. "I'm only resting."

Seeking Knowledge.
Little Mamie read on her Sunday-school card: "God makes, preserves and keeps us." Looking up suddenly, she said: "Mamma, what do you suppose he does with them all?" "With what?" "With all those preserves." Philadelphia American.

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Paris Scared by Chicago.

The Spectre of Our Fair Haunts the Thrifty Frenchman.

There May Not Be Any Big Show at the End of the Century, After All.

STRINGS TIED TO SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A Hundred Million Francs Which Are Not Likely to Materialize Further Than Verbal Promises to Pay.

Paris, Jan. 11.—Paris at the present time is like the unhappy woman who married to spite another. She has taken it upon herself to arrange a du-de-siecle exposition in order that her rival, Berlin, may be deprived of the pleasure of losing millions in a similar enterprise. Her revenge, however, is proving of the boomerang sort, and she now ruees her action as bitterly as a headstrong woman ruees over her nuptials with an unloved man.

"We cannot hope to outdo America and Chicago," lament the officials, as the horrors of expense and possible inability to pay crowd fast upon them.

Nancy, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Lyons, Tours—all the great cities and the country districts—protest against participating in the expense that would benefit only the much despised "hydrocephalus," or "the dropical fountainhead of wickedness," as they fondly style Seine-Babel. Hotel and inn keepers, furnished-room and lodging-house spinsters, wine and provision dealers alone rejoice.

Said one of the Government Commissioners, appointed to act as a member of the Exposition Committee: "To make decisive promises respecting the exposition of 1900 to-day is nothing short of an attempt to overreach the unwary. I am sorry for American industrialists and artists who took stock in the published prospectuses, so the wedge covered where it was some years. After a time Lincoln's name became valuable. The search was keen and some one recollected this wedge. A search was made for it and it was then found. Mr. Allen has traced it from hand to hand. His affidavits are ironclad. The implement is about eight and one-half inches long and perhaps two inches in diameter at the thick end, tapering down to a sharp point. It does not show much evidence of use, although one part of the point is worn. The probability is that the head was not hammered with an axe, but with a maul or mallet, which would have protected it, this being a common practice among loggers. The Lincoln initials are quite deep on one side of the wedge and very distinct. The relic cost Mr. Allen \$50. It is worth much more from a historical point of view.

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Cured of an Awful Cut.

A San Francisco Man Recovers from a Wound That Nearly Severed His Head.

Only One Person in Fifty Thousand Has Survived Such Injuries.

LARYNX AND WINDPIPE CARVED.

Thomas L. Ford Intended to Die in Prison and Medical Men Hardly Understand Why He Didn't.

San Francisco, Jan. 18.—Thomas L. Ford, who nearly cut his head from his body while confined in the City Prison, December 28, is almost well. Ford's case will go down into medical history as a remarkable one. It is only about one man in 50,000 who suffer such injuries and lives.

The circumstances surrounding the case are in themselves most interesting. Ford shot his wife in the latter part of November, in a lodging house on Ellis street. For some time her life was despaired of. The day after she was discharged from the hospital Ford inflicted the wounds on himself. He was to have had his preliminary examination the morning he did the deed. The injury was inflicted in his cell, and some little time elapsed after the discovery of his condition before assistance reached him. He was hastily put into the patrol wagon and hurried to the Receiving Hospital, the gaping wound in his throat sending out torrents of blood, the flow being accelerated by his rough ride and treatment.

When Dr. Frank T. Fitzgibbon, who was on duty at the time, took hold of the patient, life was nearly extinct. The patient was almost pulseless and unable to talk. The razor wound commenced at a point about two inches in front of the left ear and extended nine inches across the neck. The contraction of the muscles opened the wound about five inches. This was caused by the cutting of the thyroid, omohyoid and platysma-myoides muscles and the thyroid gland.

The cut was three and a half inches deep, severing the trachea, or windpipe. The lower part of the larynx was cut through, and two of the cartilaginous rings of the trachea were severed. All the cartilages were cut as far back as the fibrous membrane. The anterior jugular vein was cut from it; there was a great hemorrhage. The thyroid and laryngeal arteries and the recurrent laryngeal nerves were also cut, preventing speech. All the small muscles of the neck were severed, and the razor just missed the inferior jugular vein, pneumo-gastric nerve and carotid artery.

As soon as Ford was laid on the operating table Dr. Fitzgibbon washed the wound with an antiseptic dressing, and all



Lives with His Head Half Cut Off.

(Sketches by a Journal staff artist.)

The stand taken by the committee voices popular sentiment. The French, after all, are a practical people, and recognize the impracticability of attempting to surpass the splendid efforts and unparalleled splendor of the late American exhibition. Three years have passed since the Chamber declared itself in favor of the project, fearing that otherwise Britain would take the initiative and risk her money. We have a hundred million francs promised, but will it be enough? And will not be the exposition of 1900 look like a revival of that of 1889? There are strings attached to four-fifths of the money. As a matter of fact, too, we are sick of the Eiffel Tower and of the old machinery hall, and we have no inventive genius among us. The feeling of opposition to the project among the people is confined to no particular class. Maurice Barres recently made a lecturing tour through all the great cities protesting against "the scandal of an utterly stupid and not up to date plan for looting the public treasury," and characterizing the whole exposition project in these unflattering terms as a swindle and makeshift.

What was the result? The jealous provincialists were immensely pleased. They all joined the opposition. Nancy rose in protest, Lyons revolted. Marseilles repudiated all attempts to make her contribute on paper, at least. Rouleau, thought to have been buried with Bonaparte and the Comte de Paris, laboriously came to the front once more and promised to champion the cause of conservatism.

Now as to the finances. The committee expects the city of Paris to furnish twenty millions of francs and the Chamber to appropriate a like sum. Sixty millions are to be raised by rents, admission fees, etc. This, briefly stated, is the situation regarding the French Exposition of 1900. Americans who would be exhibitors must take cognizance of the facts. In spite of all, however, it must be remembered that France has promised a World's Fair for 1904. If precedents count with "la grande nation," she will have one. Whether it will be overshadowed by the memories of the Chicago Exposition, as feared, only time and the greatest of all critics, the public, can determine.

the blood vessels were compressed and ligated. The hemorrhage ceased. The severed parts of the trachea and larynx were approximated and sutured by carbolized catgut, with about a dozen stitches. The rings of the trachea were next stitched together, and finally all the parts were united with about sixty stitches. The external wound was sutured in the middle, leaving both ends open for the insertion of drainage tubes.

Immediately after the treatment Ford seemed to rally. Stimulants were administered, and he was put to bed. He was not able to speak until Sunday morning, when his voice scarcely rose above a whisper. From this time on he rapidly improved, taking much nourishment in the shape of milk, eggs, and beef tea.

The wound is now in a healthy condition and is rapidly healing. No pus has been seen about the wound, which is another remarkable circumstance.

Ford has gained in flesh and sleeps well, has a good appetite and is able to speak clearly. His wife is now a constant attendant on him. He will be discharged in about ten days.

Many physicians have called at the Receiving Hospital to inquire about the case, and making copious notes. Dr. Fitzgibbon feels highly elated over his patient's recovery.

Geese On a Strike.
[Washington Evening Star.]
"I have been having a good deal of trouble lately with the birds on my goose ranch," said Colonel Stitt-Ford, of Wharton, Texas.

"I had an order for a thousand dozen eggs, and my troubles all arose in trying to fill that order. It is the first time I ever attempted to market any eggs, always relying heretofore on the sale of feathers and live birds for my profit.

"This is the laying and hatching season with us, and I thought I would have no trouble to get eggs enough to fill that order. Now, a hen, you know, will lay you rob her nest right along, just so you leave an egg. It is supposed that a hen has no idea whatever of numbers. But this is not true of Mrs. Goose, as I found out to my sorrow.

"The first day we secured a big batch of fresh eggs, but after that the 'und' began to dwindle down so fast that I determined to make a personal investigation. I went down to the river bottom next day and found that instead of being off attending to business all the geese which were not sitting were 'docked' and were roving about feeding, just as if they never expected to lay another egg. When I approached them, instead of running away they all sat down and began to hiss at me.

"It was a clear case of strike, and I was at a loss to know how to settle the trouble. I tried putting half a dozen porcelain eggs in each nest, but that would not work. The geese came up, eyed them solemnly and walked off. Then, in despair, I told the boys to put the eggs we had gathered back and see if that would break the strike.

"Well, alas, inside of two hours after the eggs were returned every goose was back on her nest, and for the next four or five days there were more eggs laid on the 'docks' than there had been before in years, but I dare not undertake to fill the egg order."

The Wedge with Which Abraham Lincoln Used to Split Rails in Illinois.

Cal. From a photograph made for the News in the possession of a resident of Berkeley, Francisco Examiner. Copyright 1896, by W. R. Hearst.